See Page 85.

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THE GOLDEN LAMP *YET BURNING!*

A POEM.

By SAMUEL PATTISON.

Bloodshed I'm loath to sing, nor fondly deem
Fierce War's destructive roar, a happy theme:
No storms which agitated empires raise!
Nor hostile Navies in tumultuous blaze,
Employ my Muse; tho' wholly BRITISH she,
Her Country's friend, her SOV'REIGN's devotee.
But PERPETUITY of gifts divine!
In their effects balsamic, and benign!
Amid these HEAV'N indulg'd, and envy'd climes,
Thro' these eventful and fate-teeming times;
Is the grand quarry which my thoughts pursue,
And what I would, O Reader! serve for you.

SECOND EDITION.

BRISTOL:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

TO every pious Minister of the Holy Gospel; to every Missionary commissioned by GOD to preach the same; with all that love our LORD in sincerity, whether preachers or patronizers of the testimony of JESUS; whether they assist the good OLD CAUSE by their purse or their prayers, or both; especially, the DARTMOUTHS, the HILLS, the THORNTONS, the WILBERFORCES, the ERSKINES, the HAWEIS's, the BRACKENBURYS, the COKES, the RYLANDS, the SCOTTS, and the ROBERTS's of the Day. This Poem is most submissively laid at their feet, by its Author,

S. Pattison.

BRISTOL, *Jan.* 1,
1799.

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ARGUMENT.

THE ALMIGHTY, early in the eighteenth century, looking down upon *Great-Britain*, finds in her realms an almost total decay of Religion and Piety, which he laments to his SON seated at his right hand: intimating, that the Gospel should be removed from these kingdoms. The SON, with his native goodness and meekness, opposed this; and earnestly intercedes for the Gospel to continue another season. His intercession is accepted, and the angels, with recent kindled ardors, celebrate the FATHER: MESSIAH also uttering sentiments of gratitude, engageth that *Britain* should want no cultivation to render her more fruitful. The FATHER upon this congratulates the SAVIOUR, and promiseth, that a great Revival should commence chiefly by two Ministers, who would shortly rise and

bless these nations with their labours. The Mediator hearing this with gladness, imparts a desire that the news should be diffused among the blessed who owe their birth to *Britain*, and that Gabriel should, after they were convened to the throne, inform them of the happy occasion. Angels, in conformity to the Redeemer's pleasure, collect the shining legions, and Gabriel makes an oration to them: when finished, they, in strains of exulting adoration, applaud both the FATHER and the SON: after which, a new scene opens;—the happy spirits of a PENN, an ELLIOTT, and a MATHER, are heard in solemn invocation for the Gospel to shine on the *West India Islands*, and enlighten the poor Negroes in each plantation. This invocation is enforced by IMMANUEL's intercession, and accepted, with a promise, that a Missionary bearing the glad tidings of Salvation should be sent amongst them also.

THE

GOLDEN LAMP

YET BURNING!

ON signal favour, *Albion!* shewn to thee,
Queen of the seas, and rock of LIBERTY,

Line 1.—Poets in every age, have felt peculiar pleasure in expatiating on the blessings of PROVIDENCE bestowed upon their Country; and though the Philanthropist may be allowed to consider himself as a citizen of the world at large, yet a predilection for the place of his nativity cannot be considered as derogatory of his worth, or as robbing his great and amiable character of the leaſt luſtre.

The famous Mr. EDMUND CALAMY, (grandfather of the celebrated Doctor of that name) in a sermon preached one hundred and thirty-six years since, gives the learned in his day a challenge to ſhew an inſtance of any nation poſſeſſing the light

I'll try my Muse; attempt yon spheres to climb,
And fetch pure fire from th' ORIGIN sublime.

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of the Gospel for an entire century; and from thence takes occasion to impart his fears, that it were, with regard to religious privileges hastening to be midnight with *England* also. Yea, prior to that period, the pious Mr. HERBERT had written and printed

" Religion, stands on tiptoe in our *land*,
" Ready to pass to th' *American* strand."

But what fed Mr. CALAMY's forebodings on this subject was, the deadly blow which vital godliness had then recently received by the ejection of upwards of two thousand of its patrons and inculcators from their Churches by an Act of Uniformity, requiring an oath to the propriety of sundry ceremonies these Ministers judged their consciences would be wounded by subscribing to. By the language of the annals of that day it appears, that the major part of these divines were ornaments to Religion and to society, and some of them shone in their spheres of high worth and usefulness, as constellations of the first glory. Witness a MANTON, an OWEN, a BAXTER, a BATES, a RAY, and a GOUGE.

As that sweet lark's excelling as he tow'rs,
So, beaming glory quick'ning all my pow'rs,
The melting measures of a heav'n-tipt tongue
May charm our Isr'el with celestial song.
O sacred LIGHT! th' effluence of the BLEST,
With holy radiance let me be possest.

Line 2.—Though *Britain* ever maintained her ascendency on the seas, she never had so formidable a navy as at this period; and what her success on the mighty waters has recently been, let the decisive victories of HOWE, VINCENT, DUNCAN and NELSON SPEAK. *Nile* has felt the thunder of a *British* fleet, and heard it blow its opposers to ruin! Yet the alarming mutiny that existed among her sailors two years ago, should teach us not to trust in the number or magnitude of our forces, but in the living GOD, who dealeth out peace or war to what nation he pleaseth.

Line 3.—Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.
MILTON.

Now had OMNISCIENCE, whose pure eye alone
Pierces all nature's circle, from his throne
Beheld this Eden of the *northern isles*
Auspicious in th' indulgence of his smiles.
He saw her lion, peerless on the plain;
The thunder of her navy awe the main;
Her conq'ring sword by gallant CHURCHILL worn,
And envy'd trophies from a LEWIS torn;
Domestic concord spread her silver wing;
And faction weep o'er her eluded sting.

But ah! amid this luminous dispense
Of golden harvest from his Providence

Line 15.—In the days of Queen ANN, a ROOKE was in the navy, a GODOLPHIN in the cabinet, and a MARLBOROUGH in the field; and what under PROVIDENCE the effect of such council and prowess was in crushing a tyrant, and a monarch hated and dreaded by all *Europe*, any child knows.

He saw 'mid all his gifts, though bright the store,
Religion's lovely sway obtain no more,
Faint was the zeal to run the christian race;
And chill'd th' affection for renewing grace;
A decent *form* in lively lines expreſt
Seem'd all the boast of laity and prieſt!

Line 23 —HOBBES and other [illegible] writers having published their absurd opinions, which were eagerly imbibed by many attached to reading, but more addicted to the gratification of their passions; and several of the [illegible] of the NONCONFORMISTS, from a conception that [illegible] some parts of the RUBRIC and COMMON PRAYER, but even the THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES of the CHURCH of ENGLAND were unworthy their assent, aiming to represent as nugatory and undeserving of credit the glorious and essential doctrines of CHRISTIANITY, together with the nearly general want of zeal and ability in the Clergy of the said ESTABLISHMENT; with the sad effects visible on the [illegible]tion of the profligate Court the most profligate King these *Kingdoms* ever had; assisted in introducing the declenſion in Piety and Religion here spoken of.

Unlike the times when pious HOOPER bled,
And wing'd th' ethereal on the flames he fed.

As when in Noah's black degen'rate days,
Th' Almighty sorrow'd o'er his creatures' ways,
So in her turn, *Britannia* GODHEAD griev'd;
And *Judah* like, his flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd.

And is it thus, O everlasting SON!
(He said, addressing the INCARNATE THRONE)
That Pity's richest, kindest, noblest plan
For liberating guilt-imprison'd man,

Line 26.—There seems to an unprejudiced, enlightened and renewed mind, so little objectionable in that form of sound words the COMMON PRAYER, that while I lament it being the boast of any that have not the power of Godliness, I wonder at it having been the occasion of so much controversy among those that have.

Should meet with this ungen'rous disesteem,
By th' *isle* now basking in my Mercy's beam?
Thou know'st, O filial POW'R! how greatly dear
To me, the virtues thy perfections bear;
I made no small surrender, when I gave
Thy valu'd life an erring world to save:
And that *New-cov'nant Charter*, now reveal'd,
And by Atonement ratify'd and seal'd,
Is what th' offending mortal fully needs,
His peace in life, and pledge of deathless meeds!
And that ungrateful *land*, amidst a load
Of choicest gifts, had GOSPEL LIGHT bestow'd.
She heard the jub'lee's silver trump proclaim,
"*Freedom!* eternal *Freedom!*" in thy NAME!

Line 52.—It is thought that the Gospel was preached in these nations in the very early ſtages of Chriſtianity: yea some ſuppose that ST. PAUL paid this *island* a viſit; but others ac-

Scarce Sion's early flow'rs had ceas'd to bloom,
Ere I began that nation to illume:
Scarce had eternity ingulf'd the year
I rapt my PAUL to this celestial sphere;

count for its general Conversion as follows. GREGORY when Archdeacon at *Rome* observing some persons from *Northumberland* exposed for sale in the open Market, and admiring the beauty and proportion of their form, enquired what country they were of; and being answered *Angli*, that is *English* Men, said, And well may they be so called, for they seem as Angels; and further enquiring what province they were of, was answered *Deira*.* to which he rejoined *De ira Dei sunt deliberandi*, that is, they are to be delivered from the wrath of GOD; and hearing their Prince's name was *Alle*, said, How fitly may they sing hallelujahs; and from that period seriously endeavored the Conversion of the *Britons*, which, being Pope, he effected by the diligence of AUSTIN the monk, the first Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

* The name of that part of *Northumberland* where these slaves were born.

But to thy Gospel's promulgation loud,
Her children gather'd as a grateful cloud,
That's hov'ring o'er yon watry worlds t' obtain
Humidity to form a copious rain.
The tribes drank in the salutary lore,
Bowing at rites unsanctify'd no more!
Worship ascended from affections clean,
And triumph'd songs divine o'er lays obscene!
Erst, where many a pagan temple stood,
Th' assylum base of gluttony and blood,
Britannia bad her modest fabrics rear,
Their decent domes to our renown and fear:
Her sons in holy harmony, combin'd
Gloriously to assist, or bless mankind!
Burning with pious fervency to throw,
My robe of love o'er ev'ry soul below!
Which urg'd the fierce volcano of th' impure,
Sion's rich day and lustre to obscure:

As when black *Ætna*'s dreary caverns find
Their entrails huge tempestuously combin'd,
To make a thund'ring many fathom'd vent,
She, from the hideous orifice and rent,
Vollies horrific of red lava hurls!
Affrights fair day! and smothers bord'ring worlds!

Line 73.—*And he opened the bottomless pit, and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace, and the sun and the air were darkened, by reason of the smoke of the pit.* Rev. ix. 2. Doth not this allude to the popish priestcraft and superstition, obscuring holy doctrine and manners? O! how awfully did Monkish ignorance and error prevail in those times; and what the sad consequence of blinded zeal, and fiery bigotry inculcated by designing and artful men, appearing in sacerdotal habits, the tears, the groans, the wounds and deaths of a sister *Kingdom* can tell. Would there have been half the butchery there, as there has been within these thirteen or fourteen months past, had there been less of unmeaning religious pageantry, and more of real simple Christianity? And will not an Union tend to heal this sad malady? Notwithstanding I profess but small skill in politics, I venture to say, I believe it will.

So disembogues rough hell with angry clouds!
Salem envelops and her glory shrouds!
By th' eager inundation whelm'd, she lay,
Of Superstition's fiend the sport and play!
Yet in the pond'rous, dense, infernal shade,
These christendom o'er-spreading vapours made,
Of true and holy faith the vig'rous eye,
Might with an awful certainty descry
Pourtray'd in blood and fire, *The man of sin!*
Hostile to heav'n and all th' elect therein!
But, ev'n amid that gloom I struck a light,
Which pierc'd the centre of its thickest night:

Line 90 —The Reformation was begun in our own Land by our immortal JOHN WICKLIFF, who so terribly handled the Pope that he obtained the appellation of an Arch-heretic: and CRANMER, imbibing rays from those two luminaries LUTHER and CALVIN, soon with LATIMER, RIDLEY and HOOPER illuminated the whole horizon.

Pointing with rapid and resistless beam,
To th' odious pest with which its regions teem:
As when a wretch, by pow'r consigned to dwell
In the recess of some sad lightless cell,
Sees not the filth adhering to its wall,
Nor various vermin that within it crawl;
But by an ingress of the grateful sun,
He views his dungeon with such plague o'er-run;
So, was discover'd all the brood accurst,
By falfe Religion yean'd, and Superstition nurst!
Of fi'ry bigots, men of lies and blood!
Haters of peace and ev'ry heav'nly good!
For trifles strict, and rigorously nice,
Yet Belzebub's in ev'ry horrid vice!
Neck-vent'ring drivers after lust and gold!
Race of the wretch who Isr'el's SAVIOUR sold:
Fierce wolves in saintly garb, of grace devoid;
Harrassing Sion's faithful till destroy'd!

Professing love to thy pacific NAME,
Yet burning worlds with war's terrific flame!
Thousands who of my SPIRIT's lore partook,
That sanhedrim of darkness then forsook;
Forming amidst its terrible assail,
A CHURCH, 'gainst which its pow'rs could not prevail.
My Salem flourish'd in supernal grace;
Ripening for her celestial crown and place:
Her CRANMER made a noble sacrifice;
And *Smithfield* flamed to populate the skies!

Line 119.—CRANMER, RIDLEY, LATIMER, BRADFORD, ROGERS and PHILPOTT, with some hundreds more, gloriously sealed the Truth of JESUS with their blood; overcoming persecution in its most horrid form by faith in the LAMB, and by the word of their testimony, for they loved not their lives unto the death: while the sanguinary queen was literally drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of JESUS! I have heard Dr. PRIESTLY say, that no

Yea, later times with glowing diction tell
Of many more unmov'd by earth or hell:

christian Family ought to be without a Book of Martyrs; I agree with him; and think it ſhould be often read, and noticed next to the Scriptures.

Line 121.—Notwithſtanding the Reformation was happily re-eſtabliſhed in the reign of ELIZABETH, yet an intolerant ſpirit too much prevailed; and numbers, though worthy, that owned any diſrelish to senseleſs Church pageantry, and hierarchy, felt its powerful and dividing influence.

Line 122.—Dr. JOHN OWEN was a great character. Numbers of his valuable writings have been lately abridged by ſeveral hands* and ſent into the world in a modern ſtile. Dr. WATTS ſpeaks very ſtrongly of his great worth and ability in ſundry paſſages of his works: and he has in Mr. PALMER's Nonconformiſt's Memorial, the very high compliment paid him, of being the firſt *Engliſh* writer, that writ clearly and perſuaſively in favour of chriſtian toleration.

* Dr. EDWARD WILLIAMS, Mr. G. BURDER, and others.

OWEN and USHER aggrandize the page,
Of all the worthies of the STUART age:

Dr. JAMES USHER, Archbiſhop of *Armagh*. A famous antiquary, and a great christian light to this dark world. May it not be said that he did as much good at his death as he effected while living; for while on his death bed, he urged the lively and vigorous soul of BAXTER to write most of those practical Treatises which through the agency of the HOLY SPIRIT were so useful in awakening thousands from a death of sin unto a life of Righteousness. It is obvious, how highly the blessed Dr. WATTS thought of these practical writings of Mr. BAXTER when he told Dr. GIBBONS, That he had rather be the author of the CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED, by BAXTER, than of PARADISE LOST by MILTON.

Line 124.—*For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one many shall be made righteous. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.* Rom. v. 19. 21.

" They taught no *cure* for human guilt malign,
" But thy great merit, spotless and divine:
" Which my blest SPIRIT must reveal and show,
" Giving to man his *grief*, and AID to know:
" And that the humbled sinner must believe,
" 'Ere he th' Atonement gracious will receive:

Line 126.—*And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: Of sin, because they believe not on me. Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more: Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.* John xvi. 8, 9, 10, 11.

Line 128.—*Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.* Rom. iii. 22, 23, 24.

Line 130.—*Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but yield yourselves unto God,*

"While faith sincere, and sacred penitence,
"Yield holy lives, as their best evidence!"
But ah! their sons who're up for prophets set,
Their father's creed and holiness forget:
Being self-darken'd to their own disease,
And project bright of fetter'd man's release.

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as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Rom. vi. 12, 13, 14.

The purity of their doctrine is evident from the whole mass of their writings, and though Mr. BAXTER might in the heat of controversy against what he conceived to be Antinomianism, *darken counsel by words without knowledge*,* yet to any reader of attention it will appear to a demonstration, that even his ideas of the glorious doctrines of the everlasting Gospel were in unison with the language of the eight lines specified by the inverted commas.

* Especially in his Aphorisms of Justification.

They strive t' evade what Revelation saith,
Of lovely Charity, and christian Faith.
Yea some, thy deity and worth deny!
Amid thy sun-bright glory sceptics lie!
Chagrin'd, o'er-dazzled with th' effulgent day,
As owls and birds of darkness shrink away.
Others, dark to the mode of my decree,
Live as from sacred obligation free;

Line 138.—As the judicious and sensible among the learn
that are not engaged in a debate are, from being void of pr
poſſeſſion and prejudice, better able to decide upon the cau
and merits of parties that are engaged in controversy, than th
parties themselves are: so the judicious and ingenuous that hav
been spectators of the disputes revived by Dr. PRIESTLY, an
others, against our LORD's divinity and the doctrines in con
nection with it, have beheld the Doctor and his colleagues foile
by their opponents, and rejoiceth that TRUTH hath obtained th
victory.

Yet stile themselves, "The chosen dear of GOD," 145
"Secur'd by cov'nant from HEAV'N's wrath and rod."
Hence holy love, of piety the root,
And holy tempers, as its genuine fruit,
Are rarely known in this revolting land,
So rife of vicious ways on ev'ry hand. 150
Doubtless, but temples are for worship rear'd;
And moral lectures from their pulpits heard;

Line 143.—Though this may be the conduct of the antinomian, hypocrite and falſe profeſſor; it is not of the real believer in JESUS. The child of GOD if unhappily for him, he be in a ſtate of darkness, error and deſertion, he is ſo much more the mourner. A mourner on account of his carelessness and wanderings: a mourner on account of the body of ſin and death he carries with him; and a mourner becauſe he bears no more of the fruits of the SPIRIT, which are love, peace, and joy in the HOLY GHOST.

But where's the broken mind which I approve?
The appetite for my eternal LOVE!
The pow'er resistless which my WORD imparts?
Darting keen truths to sleepy sinners' hearts!
Whereby a church is rear'd which pardon knows;
And up to thee in heav'nly motions grows;
Which riseth fair to her dear FOUNDER's plan,
In love to ME, benevolence to Man.
Some stil'd the shepherds of my pasture large,
Of diocesses huge receive the charge;
Yet all the sheep those diocesses bear,
Subjects of small concern to them appear!
While names of lesser note decry the ray,
Which constitutes a glorious GOSPEL DAY;
Choosing the lore which led an ethnic sage,
Rather than WISDOM's evangelic PAGE!
But I except my WATTS whose happy song
Sits on the aged, and the infant's tongue;

With sundry more, heirs of immortal light;
Prepar'd by grace to walk with thee in white.

Though I have waited for the moment long,
When they might see their erring conduct wrong:
When they would all their base backslidings own,
And with repentant souls address my throne:
'Tis all in vain! my scorn'd compassion's tir'd!
My holy MIND's with indignation fir'd!
Hear ye my angels! ministers of light!
Fam'd in your spheres for sapience and might!

Line 170.—The piety, learning, genius and usefulness of the immortal WATTS are well known, besides there were a GUISE, a CALAMY, an EARLE, a SHOWER, an EVANS, a M. HENRY, and a DODDRIDGE; several among the Baptists, and some in the Establishment, whose lives were exemplary, and who preached the Truth as it is in JESUS.

Ye swift fulfillers of my great decrees,
Waiting in all, th' OMNIPOTENT to please!
Bear, bear, with eager and obsequious hand,
The *wrath* of injur'd MERCY o'er the *land*;
While high events shall ultimately tend,
Of GOSPEL LIGHT the GOLDEN LAMP to send
To climes and states, which ſhall its glory bleſs,
And answer it by works of righteousness:
Thus will this kingdom mourn, when 'tis too late,
The awful cause of its terrific fate!

As when on some great senator's harangue,
We fix the soul, and solemn audience hang:
Feel all the magic of persuasive skill,
Convincing, and controling us at will:
To a pleasing frame th' eager mind is wrought;
Kindles to rapture at each blazing thought!

Imbibes the honied lore, and with surprize,
Sees eloquence flame radiant from his eyes!
But if he threaten in a tone severe,
Some boist'rous storm, or devastation drear,
To be the fate of some lov'd citadel,
The bosom pants t'avert the terror's swell:
So wrought the SAVIOUR's breast, when up he rose
With meek deport the order dread t' oppose.

O FATHER! (he exclaims) thy wrath forbear!
A season more that guilty nation spare;
Created wonders bring not greater praise,
Than the long-suff'rance which thy love displays.
Compassion is a quality divine!
And O! to pardon and to spare are thine!
Long, long, thy patience was by *Isr'el* known,
And is the cherub banish'd now thy throne?

Glorious in pity as in pow'r, delay,
To bid thy thunders on her cities play,
Or to remove her GOLDEN LAMP away!

Thus spake the SON, and thus the SIRE reply'd:
Thy mediation shall not be deny'd.
The soften'd splendors of thy beauteous mien
So urge, that MERCY must o'er Judgment reign.
The saints enjoin'd with my behests to fly,
Stand in suspense from thine assuasive eye:
Of such sweet grace, th' address thy presence brings,
GABR'EL late charg'd with th' errand folds his wings:
As he, and all the heav'nly ardors know,
That t' all for whom thou plead'st my love must flow.
Thine intercession I accept, and deign
Permission for the GOSPEL to remain
A longer space; O that their fruit may shew
They're worthy of the grace I now bestow.

Scarce had th' ALMIGHTY sentence clos'd, but song,
Issu'd with plaudits from th' ethereal throng!
Loud as the loudest thunders, tuneful pour'd
Her peals harmonious round her glorious LORD;
In celebration high of worth benign,
And this, the subject of the Ode divine.

The praise ye now to GODHEAD rear,
With raptures new express;
Whose mercies o'er his works appear,
Their health and happiness!

HE, inaccessibly array'd
With light's most argent blaze!
A noble basis now hath laid,
Whereon to build his praise.

Let all the heav'nly worlds rejoice,
The LORD omniscient reigns;
Nor will he want a plausive voice,
While he his throne maintains.

The great mysterious DEITY!
We crown with humble lays:
Not only wise, but good is he,
And kind in all his ways.

When paus'd the choir, the SON renew'd the theme:
O SIRE! I add my fervors to the flame
Of gratitude, which from the seraphim
Ascends with music's most exalted hymn,
So as to charm thy condescending ear,
And to thee render heav'nly praises dear.
Thou know'st my predilection for that *land*:
It is a casket choice in my right hand;

Where many a lustre hath distinguish'd shone
For my tiara as a valu'd stone;
And many more shall in a future day,
Diffuse a no less ornamental ray.
Since thou art kindly pleas'd t' augment the space
Of *Britain*'s freedom and her day of grace,
The favour'd soil with goodly seed I'll sow,
And rear the hopeful nurslings as they grow;
While watchful care shall growths luxuriant prune,
And for their welfare nothing leave undone.

To which the FATHER gracious answer gave;
As I, O SON have giv'n thee pow'r to save,
Reign o'er that land, yea reign in ev'ry soul!
And spread thy silver sway from pole to pole.
This is my fix'd and absolute decree:
That ev'ry clime shall bow the knee to thee!

I will return and yonder nation bless,
And raise new Heralds of thy RIGHTEOUSNESS;
Men, meet t' adorn an Apostolic day;
Strenuous, REDEEMING GLORY to display!
High 'mid the gath'ring crowds to raise the voice,
Bidding th' Adamic race in thee rejoice;
In that thou hast, PHILANTHROPIST moſt dea
Stood the fierce fires of *wrath*'s artill'ry drear!
Bow'd o'er thy sinning Jacob as a rock!
In thine own soul to bear the stroke and shock,
That were my indignation's high intent,
To be sin's penalty and punishment!
In that thou hast, in grand official right,
Stopt the red car of vengeance in its flight!
Driv'n back the flaming steeds! oblig'd 'em turn!
The terror of their nostrils not to burn!
Nor stream with heat and fury unbenign,
'Gainst those who are by OATH and COV'NANT thine

Of pure regenerating GRACE possest;
And love seraphic flaming in their breast!
They shall proclaim, "that I the LORD am good;
"To all propitious through thy valu'd blood.
"Though in eternal ESSENCE, ONE with ME!
"Yet, as the MEAN of man's recovery,
"Ev'n as I LIVE! to thee I've giv'n TO LIVE!
"And life immortal to thy foll'wers give!
"To have its blossom in that vale of tears;
"And high perfection in ambrosial spheres!
"What time thro' thee, thy ransom'd shall arise,
"And with new bodies mount these upper skies."
But chiefly *two* shall eminently shine!
This, with a soul and eloquence divine,
Shall prophesy with all the *Tishbite*'s zeal,
Exhaust existence for thine Isr'el's weal;

Be as thine angel flying to and fro,
From worlds to worlds the Jub'lant trump to blow

Line 306.—The late Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD probably possessed as great advantages for a Minister of the Gospel as any man. He had a soul filled with the love of GOD, and incessantly in thirst to promote His glory in the salvation of poor dying sinners. His voice was so loud, and his articulation so distinct and clear, that it is thought he has been heard without difficulty by thirty, some say fifty thousand at once. It was WHITEFIELD that first went into the highways and fields to compel sinners to come in. It was WHITEFIELD that first went among the barbarians at *Kingswood*. O! for more WHITEFIELDS.

Line 310.—In the spring of the year 1739, Mr. WHITEFIELD first began to preach in the open air near BRISTOL. And in the first Sermon that the Rev. JOHN WESLEY delivered on Monday April 2d, 1739, where a turfy eminence was his pulpit, and the heavens his sounding board; he in the warmth and affection of his soul said, GEORGE WHITEFIELD was the angel commissioned by GOD to fly in the midst of heaven hav-

Prescience loves, while she pourtrays the man,
Divinely lesson'd on REDEMPTION's plan;
And with philosophy soul-winning fraught,
Elate in choicest sentiment and thought;

---

ing the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth. Rev. xiv. 6. And truly he flew with the Glad Tidings of Salvation from the old to the new world, until the time of his dissolution.

Line 313.—Mr. WHITEFIELD, like the Apostle PAUL, never received his glorious view of the Gospel from man, but was sweetly instructed by the SPIRIT of his divine MASTER. Hence WHITEFIELD knew where his foot was safely fixed: He justly considered *that believers are chosen in* CHRIST *before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love. Being predestinated unto the adoption of a child by* JESUS CHRIST *to himself according to the good pleasure of his will. To the praise of the glory of his grace wherein he hath made him accepted in the beloved:* and that a dispensation of the Gospel was commit-

Crying with the blest Eremite of old,

" Sinners! the slaughter'd LAMB of GOD behold!

" See there your glorious AID! nor yield to fear!

" SALVATION high! and bright REDEMPTION's here

---

ted unto him to preach to sinners of every name of the unsearchable riches of JESUS CHRIST; and that judgment would accrue, unless he fulfilled his trust. Nor did he view his perseverance and growth in the divine life as dependant upon his own exertions, but upon that almighty GRACE which keeps the people of GOD unto the day of salvation. These are truths that are received, felt, experienced, relished, and fed upon, but by few, even of those denominated Ministers of the Gospel. But surely, they live, and also preach in doubts, darknefs, and uncertainty, unless they have a knowledge of these things through the SPIRIT. We never learned that Mr. WHITEFIELD was disposed to relish these blessed doctrines one day, and to disrelish them the next; but his opinion of them, yea, I may say his rejoicing in them, was steady and unwavering almost from the commencement of his Ministry, to the day of his death.

"This SACRIFICE hath made an end of sin!
"Hath LIFE and deathless RIGHTEOUSNESS brought in!
"For all who will the tender'd good receive,
"With meeken'd loving hearts on HIM believe."
Nor Satan shall my servant's work impede;
Nor sully once the splendor of his meed!
But signs of triumph shall from hell be torn!
And rise thy domes ethereal t' adorn!

Line 326.—Those who would be informed of Mr. WHITEFIELD's success in the Ministry, must read his Journals, his Life, and his Funeral Sermon preached by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY: On an attentive perusal of these they will find, that in *England*, *America*, and *Scotland* his success was not confined to people in the lower walks of life, but Ministers of different Denominations, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and Friends, who roused from their lethargy by his example of holy zeal and labour, and excited to greater attention to their duties.

The other shall in discipline excel,
And cultivate his pure conversion well:
The STAR OF LIFE possessing, in thy NAME
He shall an empire lighten with the flame!
On *Cherwall*'s verd'rous banks receive the ray,
The spark ethereal of the christian day!

Line 331.—Mr. JOHN WESLEY began seriously to devote himself to GOD early; and he with three or four young gentlemen at *Oxford* having near the close of the year 1729 formed themselves into a little society for reading the Scriptures and Prayer, began to sow that seed, the harvest of which is likely to fill the whole earth!

Line 332.—Though Mr. WESLEY had at this period of his time lively apprehensions of the absolute neceſſity of taking care of the soul, and improving his talent and mercies; yet it was not until some years after this, that he felt a manifestation of GOD's special goodness to his mind, and a sweet assurance bestowed on him, that CHRIST had loved him and given him-

Bright emanation of Religion pure;
To teach him his depravity and cure:
Hence, he shall learn to calculate his time;
And exercise his thought on things sublime!
Hence, gaols and lazar-houses know his care,
Or have his alms, or witness to his pray'r.
While every mean he tries to save the soul;
The bruis'd to heal, or make the wounded whole.

---

self for him. In the evening of the 14th of Jan. 1738, he says in his Journal, "I went very unwillingly to a Society in *Aldersgate-street*, where one was reading LUTHER's Preface to the Epistle to the *Romans*. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which GOD works in the heart through faith in CHRIST, I felt my heart strangely warmed, I felt I did trust in CHRIST, CHRIST alone for Salvation: And an assurance was given me, That he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved me from the Law of Sin and Death."

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Elaps'd his hour in FLEMING's dark recluse,
He'll nobly issue to extensive use!
Expand his mind now cultur'd by the Sky,
Look round the day and with new ardors fly,
T' acts of worth and many a bright design!
To waking men t' a sense of LOVE divine!
Shall many smiling lustres nobly stand,
The praise and honour of his native *land!*

Line 348.—This venerable Man of GOD lived to be nearly Eighty-eight years of age, and was a prodigy in study, labour, visiting the sick, travelling, writing, and preaching. Methodism which began under him in the year 1729 with four, he saw before he died comprehend a number of near one hundred thousand! The benevolence of his soul was unbounded, and the number of his charitable acts amazing: None felt more than he for the poverty and miseries of mankind, whether in mind or body, and none was ever more ready to administer relief: and not only did good himself, but greatly rejoiced at good

Shewing errant states the path to heav'n's abode,
And leading nations the celestial road!

being done by others. Two of his travelling Preachers being on a road met with a man destitute of shirt and stockings, the Preachers so commiserated the poor man's case as mutually to agree that one of them should strip himself of his shirt, and the other of his stockings, and give them to the man; they did so, and pursued the road, one shirtless and the other stockingless, to the end of their journey. This story I heard Mr. WESLEY relate with tears, and in all the triumph of a soul that gloried in Benevolence; and it was suggested to my mind at that time, that he received a higher and more sublime satisfaction upon his first acquaintance with it, than CROMWEL even did, when he read in the Council Chamber of the heroism of BLAKE; and boasted that he would make the Name of an *Englishman* as great as that of any *Roman*.

Whatever little minds may have to advance against some weaknesses; take him in the aggregate, Earth since our LORD's and the Apostolic ages, could never boast of a more useful member of society than JOHN WESLEY. And the close of his

While to augment the constellation's glow,
Th' *island* shall a future DEBORAH know:

---

life was animating and glorious: In the last Sermon he ever preached in his Chapel City Road, though so low and weak as scarcely to be heard by those the most near him, yet he abruptly broke out aloud in the middle of his discourse with,

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Plainly intimating that his soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

It would be unpardonable not to pay respect to the memory of the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, who in the beginning of his

---

* The text was, *For we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith.* Gal. v. 5.

Tho' burthen'd with the meaner names and things
Of pomp terrene and kindred low of kings, 355

Ministry was as laborious and useful as his colleagues. Why Mr. C. WESLEY left itinerancy, and was stationary so many years before his death, probable reasons are given by Dr. WHITEHEAD.* He possessed full as much of the affection and esteem of Mr. WHITEFIELD as his Brother: and that Mr. CHARLES was not wanting in affection and esteem in return, that fine Hymn inserted with Mr. WHITEFIELD's Funeral Sermon is a witness. Nothing but the ardency of divine brotherly love in full glow could produce such verses. Though many deem him not a Poet of the first rate, I had rather possessing his meekened spirit, be the author of these two lines, than of all GRAY's polished Elegies.

O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples feet!

* See Dr. Whitehead's Life of the Rev. J. Wesley. Volume I. page 366.

She shall from such obscurity emerge,
And to unrivall'd fame in Sion verge:

But what Judge will not notice the poetry in this stanza.

Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heav'nly Spirit tow'rs,
Like flames, o'er nature's fun'ral pyre,
Triumps in immortal pow'rs,
And claps his wings of fire!

To the MEMORY of the late Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

Sweet LYRIST! of celestial note;
Copious in many a lay:*
Or issuing clear with flow devout
While warbling seraphs† lead the way.

---

* He writ a thousand Hymns or more:

† Luke ii. 14.

An envy'd glory in the temple raise,
And millions bless the evangelic blaze!

Say heav'nly BARD, in what sublime,
Thy elevated wing was caught;
What bright REDEMPTION* urg'd the rhyme,
And rapt the eagle of thy thought.

No charm terrene in lovelieſt dress,
Could raise the like ethereal fire;
As when the beams of sacred bliss,
Awoke the passion of thy lyre.

Just so, the chief of *Hebrew* hymn,
Mounts with his muse th' eternal HILL!
Supernal MERCY,† all his theme
In all its charms, ineffable.

---

* See Hymn 486 in the Collection used at Mr. WESLEY's Chapels.

† DAVID Psalm ciii.

Thus spake th' OMNISCIENT, when the golden day
Of DEITY's interminable ray

Line 353.—While the Messrs. WHITEFIELD and WESLEY were flying from *Great Britain* to *America*, on the continent, from Kingdom to Kingdom, and from City to City in *Europe*, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to the Inhabitants thereof: SELINA, late COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, after having felt the power of that Gospel, exerted all her wealth and influence to forward the glorious Work of calling Sinners to Repentance. She possessed a strong understanding, and a noble spirit. Was perpetually forming projects for the advancement of the REDEEMER's Kingdom. And had she lived some months longer, Missionaries would have been sent under her patronage to the *South-Sea islands*. Her happy soul was transported with the idea of divine ILLUMINATION visiting those dark *abodes*, to her last moments; and seemed to only desire life might be prolonged that she might have the happiness of seeing it according to her wishes. She left mortality a very few months after the Rev. JOHN WESLEY; died triumphantly in the Faith, and was so favoured by her divine MAS-

Assum'd new glories! as the certain sign
Of the big fate of prophecy divine,
And th' approaching æra. Then thus the WORD:
Worthy art thou, O SIRE! to be ador'd:
Thy NAME let ev'ry happy legion sing,
Raise anthems new to their eternal KING!
And that we may the silver sound diffuse,
Let us thro' bliss convey the glorious news,
Bid heav'n proclaim to all beneath her smile,
Who owe their birth to yonder favour'd ISLE.

TER in her views and wishes to promote his glory, as to have a Friend near, filled with that measure of wisdom, understanding and grace as would so sufficiently engage her attention as to fix upon that said Friend as her Successor. I need not tell the world, that this is Lady ANN ERSKINE. Whose praise is in all the Churches.

" That *Albion*'s DAY OF MERCY is prolong'd!
" Although her paths are with her follies throng'd."
Hear, ye fair angels! citizens of day!
Quaffing delights in luminous array!
Range all these everlasting climes and see,
Where ransom'd GOUGE and white-rob'd BAXTER be;
Yea, gather all the tribes of *British* race,
That now are basking in supernal GRACE!

Line 377.—The Rev. THOMAS GOUGE, son of Dr. GOUGE, after his ejectment by the act of Uniformity in 1662, was partly a settled, and partly an itinerant Minister. He not only

——————— *Walks with* GOD!
High in Salvation, and the climes of bliss!

But has a place among IMMORTALS *here!* I mean among those illustrious public Characters whose names are handed down to posterity as having appeared as lights in the World, and Friends

Whether they're trying WISDOM's works t' explore,
In sea capacious, or on verdant shore; 381

to Mankind. An ALEXANDER, a JULIUS CÆSAR, a POMPEY, a CROMWEL, yea, and a ROBERSPIERE, have an IMMORTALITY, but it is such an one as I can never covet: and a different one indeed, to that which is attached to the name Mr. THOMAS GOUGE, and which is transmitted as with the pen of a diamond by Archbishop TILLOTSON, in Mr. GOUGE's Funeral Sermon. "That never since our LORD's time, did any one follow the example of his dear MASTER more (than the said Mr. GOUGE did) in going about doing good." Dr. WATTS, has (in my opinion) written a most admirable Elegy to his Memory. See WATTS's *Lyric Poems*.

The Rev. RICHARD BAXTER, one of the most laborious, pious, and useful Ministers in the last Century. It was noticed in his life time, That he was as much respected by his friends, and hated by his enemies as any man: but there is not now a serious, sensible, judicious man in all CHRISTENDOM, be-

Perhaps they're now informing GLORY's heirs,
Of heav'nly wonders wrought in mortal spheres;

---

what would rise, and pronounce RICHARD BAXTER, blessed. So effulgent shine great and good Characters when the mists of prejudice are blown away! Upon seeing his Picture in *Hollen* in my juvenility I could not help exclaiming,

Hail sacred SHADE! I'll use great BATES's pray'r,*
May I, immortal triumphs with thee share:
To noblest purpose live, serenely die,
And grasp the wreath of glorious victory!
Ah! Jeffries† fell! what would thy spectre give,
For that renown in which his virtues live?
Of horrid guilt, of flaming piety,
His bless'd, thine damn'd by all impartially!

---

* See Dr. BATES's Sermon at Mr. BAXTER's Funeral.

† The Miscreant that sat as Judge upon Mr. BAXTER at his trial for printing his Paraphrase on the New Testament.

Or cherubs stand in many a golden row,
T' imbibe their holy animated flow
Of diction rich, on themes and topics high,
MESSIAH's names and splendors through the sky:
Apprize them, I their bright convention wait,
In radiant form near yon celestial gate;
And let GABR'EL take to himself this charge;
On its august OCCASION to enlarge.

Th' order giv'n, obsequious pow'rs obey'd;
Swift as the light descends an op'ning glade,
From regions most remote, with haste repair,
Safe borne elate by th' odorif'rous air!
Myriads of happy legions to the throne
Of high JEHOVAH's blest INCARNATE SON.
There, MEDES triumphant form a silver line!
Here, martyr'd BRADFORDS in effulgence shine!

Here come a GOODWIN hand in hand with BATES;
Till all arrive within the pearly gates! 401

Line 398.—The celebrated Mr. MEDE who writ with so much judgment upon the Revelations; and upon whom Bishop NEWTON bestows such high encomiums.

Also Mr. MEDE the Nonconformist Minister, and father of the famous Doctor,* POPE's friend and cotemporary. This Mr. MEDE, writ a very useful Treatise, entitled, The Almost Christian, or the False Professor tried and cast. It went through several editions.

Line 399.—The excellent JOHN BRADFORD, a martyr in the reign of cruel Queen MARY. He was exemplary in his life, and evangelical in his doctrine, and one of the divines cited by Mr. FISHER in his *Marrow of Modern Divinity*.

* The Doctor writes his name MEAD, but I think Dr. CALAMY writes his father's name MEDE.

The glories of their PRINCE superbly bright
They view, with added raptures at the sight!

Line 400.—Dr. THOMAS GOODWIN, a famous Nonconformist also; he was one of CROMWEL's Chaplains, and HUME says, that the PROTECTOR a little before his death, asked the Doctor, if the tenet was true, That the Elect could never fall into final destruction? Being answered in the affirmative, CROMWEL replied, "Then I am safe, for I am sure that once I was in a state of Grace," To buoy up the false hopes of a notorious sinner is hardly consistent with the great character which Dr. GOODWIN maintained; and though the tale be told with such confidence by this historian, it may not have any foundation in fact. However this is certain, that both the Doctor and his writings were held in great estimation, and Abridgments have been made from his Works lately.

Dr. WILLIAM BATES, a great divine, and a popular Orator, he was called the CICERO of the age, was one of Mr. BAXTER's most intimate Friends, and delivered a Sermon at

With miens as pleasant as an heav'nly sky,
And drap'ry ting'd with an immortal dye!
They lay their sparkling di'dems at his feet,
And with hosannas hail his royal seat!
Mean while, with port majestic and serene,
GABR'EL prepares t' unfold the glorious scene!
Rises augustly splendid as a god!
Waves his fair hand, and gives in happiest mode,
Sweet intimation that on his harangue
Divine attention should with pleasure hang:
Silence ensu'd, such as on endless day
Is giv'n to those who wing'd from earth away,

his Funeral. King WILLIAM's Queen MARY was peculiarly attached to his name and writings, and gave his works a place in her library and closet.*

* See Dr. CALAMY's Abridgment of the Life of Mr. BAXTER, where whole pages are used in eulogiums on Dr. BATES.

And thron'd on yonder pure ambrosial plains,
Yield a narration of their mortal pains;
How human darkness was their dreary shrine;
And how they languish'd for the LIGHT divine!
Ev'n MICH'EL listens! when sublime in thought,
This eloquence he pours with brilliance fraught.

Ye beatific *British* saints give ear!
Redeem'd from mortal grief and mortal fear!
Unmingled joy each happy spirit fills!
Your peace as stable as th' eternal hills.
As in a heav'nly sea, you swim in bliss!
Roll on the tide of glory's full abyss!
Whether in zeal for your great MASTER'S NAME,
You wing'd these regions on your fun'ral flame;
Or safely pass'd a martyr's glorious death,
Retir'd apartments caught your dying breath;

O know, ye holy souls! the honor's mine,
T' inform you of th' ALMIGHTY's blest design,
To yonder *isle*, your native *clime* below;
Although her crimes to size enormous grow!
'Ere your fair numbers hither were conven'd
On this occasion, HE th' ETERNAL deign'd
To take (to speak in human terms) a view,
To see how prosp'rous, cherish'd *Albion* grew:
When ah! although he bid her rule the *plain;*
And let her flag subdue the *northern main;*
Girding the blade of her victorious sword
With th' amplest spoils a *Gallia* could afford!
Besides, his bounty's most benignant smile,
A thousand happy ways caressing th' *isle!*
A gen'ral, base indef'rence giv'n he saw,
To his MESSIAH, and his GOSPEL LAW!
Few own'd their guilt and spirit's deathly thrall,
Or groan'd to be recover'd from the Fall:

Or if they had a CALV'RY'S AID receiv'd,
Gave proof of knowing whom they had believ'd,

Line 446.—Owing to a want of succession of pious, lively Ministers to occupy the places of those ejected in 1662, the Universities, Cathedrals, Parish Churches, and Chapels were mostly filled with men destitute of piety, if not of ability and learning. And the succession which followed these, being numbers of them their own offspring, pursued the same awful business, in the same dull way of their fathers. You often heard of these Clergy frequenting the race course, the cock-pit, the playhouse, or the bowling-green; but seldom heard of them coming forward in any great and benevolent action, or being instrumental of turning a sinner from the error of his ways: while the Presbyterians were mostly sunk in Arianism, if not into Socinianism, HOWE, BATES, and BAXTER laid aside as obsolete, and a rage manifested for BOURNE and TAYLOR. To the honour of several Independent and Baptist CHURCHES* be it

* In *London, Bristol, Northampton, Manchester, Birmingham,* and *Nottingham.*

By exercising ev'ry Christian grace,
In love to GOD, and all the human race.
But form'lists vaunting in some empty mode,
Would claim, as by them bought, our bright abode!
And multiply'd rebellions basely rise,
To meet with daring front his holy EYES!
Proclaiming dark impiety the womb,
Th' infernal source from whence the monsters come:
And that vice-gend'ring harpy is the same
Sin-fruitful imp, which mortals *Deism* name.

---

spoken, they retained their primitive Doctrines and christian simplicity in holiness and fear, and in a short time, WHITEFIELD, with others, proclaimed in the Fields and public Places what these CHURCHES held in a corner.

Line 461.—We find Deism making rapid strides in the beginning of the present century, and had far more able advocates than a THOMAS PAINE. But the RELIGION of the holy

She with profanity in vollies vent,
Corrupts the air, and sours the firmament,
To her base hypocrites their being owe,
Plagues of mankind, and pests to all they know. 465

JESUS is a fabric so strong, upon a basis so sure, that the attacks of the best qualified Deists, are but as the paper pellets of a pop-gun against a bomb-proof citadel. As a CELSUS, a PORPHYRY, and a JULIAN could not convulse it, it seems to be added folly in our modern infidels to aim at its demolition. Read BAXTER's Unreasonableness of Infidelity. PRIDEAUX's Life of MAHOMET, and Answer to a Deist. PALEY's Evidences of the Christian Religion. And Bishop WATSON's Letters to GIBBON and PAINE.*

* PAINE's Book was rendered popular from the notoriety of his political principles, otherwise the BISHOP of *Landaff* would never have noticed such a wretched Performance.

The perjur'd villain as her fav'rite loves,
Admits his vices, and his way approves.
The adult'rer with her shares th' illicit bed,
And 'tis by her the thief's to murder led:
While envy, malice, and impure desires,
She feeds and nurtures as her native fires.

Th' alarming efforts which this dæmon made,
To cast o'er TRUTH her own malignant shade!
Th' ungrateful kingdom's sad unfruitfulness,
Amid the mercies giv'n her to possess:
The antichristian lore promulg'd abroad!
The want of zeal for GOD and Virtue shew'd!
The under-valuing of a SAVIOUR'S LOVE,
Man's glorious scale t' ascend the bliss above!
The sacerdotal traffic hirelings drive,
Fleecing their flocks to make their livings thrive;

Together with the crying crimes they yield,
With just resentment great JEHOVAH fill'd:
So that it enter'd in his holy thought,
To have the *land* to sure destruction brought;
First, by removing from her realms afar,
That GOLDEN LAMP, the fulgent GOSPEL STAR:
And then bid judgment as a besom sweep
Her sons ungracious to th' abyssmal deep:
But as he stood with dread suspended arm!
Tir'd with affronts, with indignation warm!
Ready the thunder of his wrath to pour,
On guilty *Britain* in a sulph'rous show'r!
While sacred messengers were charg'd to fly,
And bear with pleasure to a distant sky,
For climes more kind and grateful to possess
The WORD of TRUTH and saving RIGHTEOUSNESS;
One interpos'd! by rich effulgence known,
To be th' ineffable INCARNATE THRONE!

August, divine, above creation blest!
Of prime philanthropy and pow'r possest!
Just so, an angel's flaming sword was held,
As he the number'd tribes of *Judah* fell'd;
Swiftly, sweet silver-pinion'd MERCY flew,
Check'd its career, 'ere it all Isr'el slew.
So winning was the SAVIOUR's sweet demean;
So princely in his application seen!
And yet so zealous ev'ry art t' exert,
The rushing volley safely off t' avert;
That he seem'd in meridian ray to shine,
Th' illustrious SOURCE of ev'ry charm divine!

Won was heav'n's SIRE by such a fine address;
Form so engagingly t' ensure success,
Ev'n with GODHEAD; that had each brilliant sphere
That rolls his orb on circumambient air,

And constitutes a spacious peopled world,
Been doom'd to be to dire perdition hurl'd:
Or destin'd soon to languish and expire,
For moral guilt on seas of fluid fire,
Such intercession would have pow'rful been,
Those worlds with all their sons from wrath to screen,
Judge ye, how able then t' obtain the smile
Of nature's SOV'REIGN to the favour'd *isle*.

He gave th' assuasive speech a kind reply,
Gracious for you, and dear to all the sky!
That *Albion*'s GOLDEN CANDLESTICK should stand
A longer space, the MERCY of the *land!*
Scarce had he utter'd the propitious word,
But hallelujahs all their ardor pour'd;
And spread their music o'er th' immortal plain,
So that th' etherial rang! and rang again!

Moreo'er predicted, a REVIVAL great
Should ev'ry providential mercy meet:
That converts to his holy FEAR should rise,
Num'rous as stars that gem the sable skies!
That unexampled zeal would some constrain,
Maugre of hellish fires, or earth's disdain,
To gather in a new surprising path,
Millions of erring souls to JESU'S FAITH!
And that th' auspicious grateful day was nigh,
When these GREAT LIGHTS would blaze in th' *arctic*
Yea, o'er th' *Atlantic* bear the holy flame! [*sky!*
And fire the *Indian* with a SAVIOUR'S NAME!
No distant period when to be begun
The glorious courses which they have to run.

GABR'EL ending, th' ambrosial hill descends,
While each fair lyrist to his harp attends:

Some led unutterable airs to sing ;
Others, to amply sweep the dulcet string :
But all are ready in the heav'nly choir
To hymn with melting voice to silver lyre,
The BLEST SUPREME enthron'd in light above !
And the ETERNAL OFFSPRING of his LOVE !
Gath'ring these measures for their holy song,
With them to feed the fine melodious tongue.

O THOU ! whose presence forms the golden blaze
In which th' angelic ranks in high parade
On fields of ether wait thy lov'd behests :
With immortality enrob'd, they look
To thee, O GOODNESS PURE, for all their joy !
And fetch fair pleasure from its darling FOUNT.
At what bright season, yonder angel, first
From heav'n's most tow'ring, verd'rous mount beheld,

In boundless prospect to his vig'rous eye
The matchless operations of thy hands;
Their order, number, beauty and design,
He try'd his voice in many a holy hymn,
And sang in strains exquisite thy great praise!
Nor wish'd that voice most ravishing should use
Its melody in vary'd note alone;
But sought throughout these happy realms of day,
In balmy grove, green hill, or wavy copse,
For choice materials, wherewith to form,
Whether of gem, or gold, or some fair wood
Such as Elysium yields, a thing of sweet,
Of dulcet, clear and ever grateful sound,
To aid the choral lay of song divine.
The needful found near life's ambrosial tree,
Cherubic fancy it for music wrought,
And fine invention shew'd a tuneful lyre!
Charm'd with its use and majesty of tone,

Each seraph fair hung by his side a lyre;
While dazzling crowds brought all their vocal pow'rs
To celebrate the progress of thy MIND,
In executing vast Creation's plan
From thine IDEA grand! a Master-piece!
Not wanting a re-stroke or after-touch,
But stampt with GODHEAD's infinite IMPRESS!
Then of th' Empyreum ev'ry orb was fill'd
With shouting acclamations from the Sons
Of DEITY, rejoicing in their SIRE!
And the stupendous product of his skill!
While of the planets and siderial worlds,
Th' attendants on fair morning form'd a choir;
Fixing on POW'R OMNIFIC for their theme!
WISDOM! and MIGHT INEFFABLE they sang
So full and loud, that all th' eccentric stars,
As they with blazing trains th' antarctic cop'd,

And depths of space unfathomable explor'd,
The plaudits hearing, shorten'd their revolves,
And came to join the proud and glorious triumph!

And when these heav'ns immortal and unstain'd
Expell'd th' apostates from their soaring thrones;
Those spirits base, erst tow'ring peers of bliss!
Lords of the sky; and regents of yon orbs
That animate unnumber'd systems round!
Th' elect ethereals, after awful pause,

Line 607.—Probably I shall be censured by the critics for the latitude I have used in these eleven lines: but I am supported in the idea by Dr. WATTS, as is obvious from the annexed stanza.

Shout to your KING, ye heav'nly host:
You that beheld the sinking foe:
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost,
Praise the rich Grace that kept you so.

At thy just indignation upon guilt,
Struck off their new hosannas rich and clear,
With voice and harp, o'er LOVE and GRACE immense!
That kept them in their ways, while legions fell!
By fault their own, and pride innate so fall'n.

The period most auspicious being arriv'd,
So int'resting, and illustrious for man!

Line 614.—*But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman.* Gal. iv. 4.

Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Isaiah vii. 14.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke ii. 10.

Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God. Phil. ii. 6.

In which the WOMAN's conq'ring SEED appear'd,
Of virgin born! altho' he held with THEE
High throne, 'ere bright URIEL hymn'd thy fame,
Or taught a new form'd denizon of bliss
In thy great praise to sweep the golden lyre:
The ADVENT wish'd, fresh woke seraphic lays!
They warbled all the melody of song!
And gather'd *earth* the CHORUS of the strain!

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. Luke ii. 13, 14.

——————————— O Thou PATRON GOD!
Thou GOD and Mortal! Thence more GOD to Man!
Man's THEME eternal! Man's eternal THEME!
Thou can'st not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.

YOUNG.

Nor were they mute when Sion fair emerg'd
From 'neath the floods of persecution dire:
When pagan deities were overthrown!
And Salem late opprest could sing aloud,
Salvation to her glorious LORD and KING!
Placing her foot on her opponents' necks.
Those social spirits with new quicken'd zeal,
Pour'd in full lay the fine applausive hymn!
"The KINGDOM of the great MESSIAH's come!"
Ravish'd high bliss! and won thy gracious ear!

Line 623.—*And there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the* KINGDOMS *of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.* Rev. xi. 15.

"I see not why we may not take this for the flourishing of the Gospel in the Catholic Church, begun when persecution abated, and most notably promoted by CONSTANTINE." See BAXTER on the Text.

From *Britain* sprang, in hallelujahs *we*
Will emulate those fair supernal choirs!
Our theme being happy, glorious, grand, and new,
We'll catch the soul of yon archangel's flame,
Striving with all his harmony to vie!
Deny'd of ev'ry plaudit be the lay,
Whether from men or angels it ascend,
And cloath'd with all the ravishment of song,
That is not tun'd directly to thy PRAISE!
THOU good and kind! to *Albion* good and kind!
That column of thy great forbearing LOVE.

To that, thy favour'd *isle*, thy servants owe
Of mortal life their origin and birth:
Where heav'nly blessings flow in copious rills;
And gladd'ning Sion's fair and tender plants,
Help them rich fruitage to thine honour yield.

Immers'd in pagan shades once *Britain* lay,
And vile idolatry disgrac'd the *land*:
'Till o'er the drear *horizon* MERCY bid
The LUMINARY rise of GOSPEL LIGHT!
Joyous saluting its etherial BEAM,
Pregnant with ev'ry balsam for the soul!
She drank its virtues, as her *meads* the dew.

Nor are these scenes of holy pleasure void
Of many whom *Britannia* gladly owns,
Who seal'd the TRUTH of JESUS with their blood!
Bold amid racks and burnings to confess
Their faith in the Immortal CRUCIFY'D!
Yea, many of dear Salem's nursing sires

Line 658.—*Litchfield*, in *Staffordshire*, takes its name from the numbers that suffered martyrdom there in the reign of DIOCLESIAN.

Have from the sea-zon'd *empire* nobly ris'n!
Salem's sure devotees in all the deaths
Of persecution's iron engines fierce,
To make the soul writhe out itself in torture!

But O, a sable and tremendous cloud!
Of Providences dark a heavy cloud!
Britannia's shores to stalking pop'ry yield!
While all her martyrs in sad silence weep,
O'er her the prey of black-wing'd Superstition.
O THOU! that holdest up these vast domains
As in the centre of thy mighty HAND!
And shrin'st thyself in glory's fulgent ORB,
Far, far too dazzling for created eye.
How awfully inscrutable thy ways!
That vortex dire which pow'rs and thrones absorb'd,
And to its eddy potent empires drew!
Ingulf'd thy favor'd and distinguish'd *isle!*

Inebriated with the dregs malign,
Of *Rome*'s pernicious and adult'rous cup;
She revell'd in the harlot's fatal courts!
And was partaker of her crying guilt!
Yet MERCY would not give her *Albion* up!
But all her sons from papal *Egypt* led!
Relum'd her *climes* with bright SALVATION's ray!
And crown'd her coasts with ev'ry grateful smile.

What tho' her saints the fi'ry furnace past
Of darkly *Smithfield*, that too sanguine spot
Of Salem's massacre by PHILIP's queen,
Thirsting, as if an harpy fierce, for blood!

Line 690.—" It is not necessary (says HUME) to employ many words in drawing the character of this Princess, (that is, Queen MARY) she possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable;

Britain, dear *isle!* triumphantly can boast
Of having blest these everlasting skies
With heroes steady in the CAUSE of JESUS!
Their glory, pride, and honour thus to die!

When hell and *Rome* with spleen malignant join'd
In machination such as fiends approve;

---

and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper, and narrow understanding."

Line 695.—"The dreadful secret of blowing up both Houses of Parliament with gunpowder, (says HUME) though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept during the space of near a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward, had, as yet, induced any one conspirator, either to abandon the enterprise, or make a discovery of it. *Catholic* fury, had extinguished in the breast

And Satan loves as murder's master-piece!
A cavern horrid as a *Tophet*'s delv'd,
T' ingulf th' *island* in a watch'd for moment,
And all her chiefs and freedom toss to ruin!
Abhorr'd by thee, O LORD! th' accurst design,
THOU blew'st abortion on their villainy:
While *Albion* from th' infernal snare exempt,
The skies with bursting hallelujahs rends!
So triumph'd the redeem'd of JACOB's race,
When they th' accumulated terror 'scap'd
Of *Egypt*'s armies, and a boiling sea!
Shouted in happy safety, while their foes
Were horse o'er chariot rolling in the deep!

---

every other motive; and it was indiscretion at last, proceeding chiefly from these very bigotted prejudices and partiality, which saved the nation."

And PHARAOH told by judgments terrible,
That HEAV'N could break his stiff-neck's ir'n sinew.

Though despotism clapp'd her harpy wings
At conquest o'er thy bravely struggling *isle*;

Line 712.——The valour and ability of the PRINCE of ORANGE (says the before cited historian) seconded by surprising fortune,* effected the deliverance of this island; and with very little effusion of blood, expelled from the throne a great Prince supported by a formidable fleet and a numerous army.

"JAMES was wanting of a due regard and affection to the Religion and Constitution of his Country: and though he made many promises of preserving the Liberty and Religion of the nation, it must be confessed, that his reign was one continued invasion of both. HUME."

---

* What the historian meant by "fortune" is hard to say. Could he mean that glorious BEING who doeth what he

And STUART' inebriated with the swill
Of noxious *Tyber*, drew th' unhallow'd flood
With rushing deluge drear the *land* t' o'erwhelm!

---

pleaseth in the armies of heaven, as well as among the inhabitants of the earth? If so, he makes use of a very degrading term in expatiating on the operations of the ALMIGHTY's wonder working hand, and his good understanding would have suggested a much better, had he not been strongly warped to the principles of Infidelity and Deism.

The *French* seem so to have adopted this phraseology as to carry it in every circumstantial detail of their victories. Hence the sacred name of GOD and his directing PROVIDENCE, are put out of the question, and Fortune, Destiny, or the Genius of Liberty introduced, as affording success to their arms, or guiding their Councils. But how long they will continue their pæans to these goddesses time will determine, for Fortune, or something superior, seems to have turned the currency of disasters most strongly upon them.——*May* 3, 1799.

Thine ARM and glorious PROVIDENCE O LORD
A NASSAU rais'd to stem th' impetuous ruin!
Thy WILLIAM fir'd with such a fervid zeal
For *Albion*'s triumph o'er th' infernal surge,
As that which fill'd thine own Almighty MIND
When thou wert bent on bondag'd Isr'el's case
Of all the oars of *Nile*'s sore galling gallies.

But now grown senseless of that gracious POW'R,
That hath unnumber'd special mercies giv'n
Britain neglects his love and grace t' improve
And tramples on the clemency of GOD!
An insult upon GOODNESS infinite!
Infatuated nation! to provoke
A Friend of such immense benignity!
Well, you may tremble at th' alarming blow
Suſpended o'er your adamantine necks

Yet to his heated rushing vengeance, soft!
Ye callous to the charity of HEAV'N!

Britannia's crooked ways and crying sins
Loudly demand the fires of WRATH divine:
But heav'nly JUSTICE scarce begins to throw
The blazing thunderbolt on guilty *Britain*;
When HE the second of th' eternal THREE,
From whose DIVINITY beams ev'ry grace!
His INTERCESSION offers for the land!
Nor was his MEDIATION dear, deny'd.
Albion finds peace beneath his balmy wings!
And her probation's lengthen'd for a seas'n!

Another gracious DAY is kindly lent!
T' unfruitful *Albion* needful time bestow'd;

In which she may her folly deprecate,
And with contrition walk the path to heav'n.

CHORUS.

Such rich indulgence is not found,
Bestow'd on climes or nations round!
His FAVOUR, *Albion!* and his WORD
Are thine t' improve, O praise the LORD!

Scarce had the pious acclamations rais'd
To LOVE DIVINE by holy spirits, ceas'd;

Line 749.—If we reflect upon the melancholy state of a neighbouring nation, as being destitute of the Divine Ordinances of the Gospel, and deprived of Sabbaths, we shall acknowledge, that humiliation as well as gratitude become us.

Or o'er the music's melting cadence clear
Had roll'd its last sweet note along the ear!
When lo! soft symphonies awake again,
To usher in a tender plaintive strain!
And in recitative's most mellow lay,
Some of the choir are notic'd thus to pray;
Led by a MATHER, ELLIOTT, and PENN!
Friends to their GOD, benevolent to Men.

Line 761.—Dr. COTTON MATHER, an eminent *American* Divine, was born at *Boston* in *New England*, in 1663. He became Minister of *Boston* in 1684, and spent his life in the discharge of his office, and promoting several excellent societies for the public good; particularly one for suppressing diforders; one for reforming manners; and a society of peace makers, whose professed business it was to compose differences, and prevent law-suits. His reputation was not confined to his own Country; for in 1710 the Univeritity of *Glascow*, sent a di-

O THOU! whose bowels o'er the wretched move,
Not more the GOD of might, than GOD of love,

ploma for the degree of Doctor in Divinity; and in 1714 the Royal Society of *London* chose him one of their Fellows. He died in 1728. His chief Work was, an Ecclesiastical History of *New England* from 1620 to 1698.*

Mr. ELLIOTT was an useful Missionary among the *Indians* of *America*, he translated the *Bible*, Mr. BAXTER's Call to the Unconverted, and several other Books on practical Divinity into their language.

Mr. WILLIAM PENN, a native of *England*, and one of the first of the Quakers. His name is transmitted to these times with honour: for he ever discovered himself worthy to be ranked among the Friends and Benefactors of mankind. He was the Founder of *Pensylvania* in *North-America*.

* See Dr. WHITEHEAD's Life of Mr. JOHN WESLEY, Vol. I. Note in Page 340.

Pity the *Indies*, and th' *Atlantic isles*,
Indulge with hope's long look'd for heav'nly smiles;
Triumphant ride the car of GOSPEL LIGHT,
Sublime o'er all their drear of heath'nish night;
To blaze with beams of beatific grace,
On flowing *Niger*'s iron-fetter'd race!
That all their *climes* from chains satanic free,
May raise their sable hands with shouts to thee!

So charminly these RANSOM'D utter'd this,
That it seem'd for a time to heighten bliss!
On them th' angelics fix'd the rapt'rous gaze,
And saw their features beam with Godlike rays!
Bright indication of their holy zeal
For HAM's conversion, and his endless weal:
Meanwhile a higher, more majestic POW'R,
Whom angels worship, and whom saints adore!

Ascended from his adamantine seat,
In all th' attractive pomp of heav'nly state!
And thus address'd the starry blazon'd THRONE,
And HEIGHT august of DEITY, alone.

O SIRE! if unprevailing is that pray'r,
Yet sure thine only SON will gain thine ear!
'Twas for the nations that I groan'd and bled,
Breath'd life's last breath, and bow'd my passive head.
No partial mercy thine, it covers all,
That are partakers of th' Adamic fall:
And if all families must bless the ray
Of my NEW COV'NANT's evangelic day;
The period hast'n when HAM's wretched race
Shall share the glories of my GOSPEL GRACE.

To whom the SIRE with count'nance that even
Kindled new raptures thro' the blaze of heav'n!

Thus [illegible]: SON of my eternal LOVE!
To thee, I listen, and thy pray'r approve:
Yea, ev'ry off'ring in thy sacred Name,
Ascends before me with a grateful flame
The groanings of poor fetter'd HAM I've heard
And for his ransom few have yet appear'd!
Beneath a double yoke he groans! the first
Is that of all his ghostly foes accurst!
Satan, and the malignant pow'rs of hell,
The flaming list of his tormentors swell.
The second, forg'd for mercenary gain,
Is the unfeeling planter's galling chain!

Lines 807, 808.—WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq. Member of Parliament for the County of York, has laboured for these twelve or fourteen years, to put an entire stop to that inhuman traffic of buying and selling our fellow creatures, carried on

But soon a faithful Prophet shall arise!
Form'd with a soul magnanimous and wise;
His friends, his ease, his country to forego,
Among their clans instruction to bestow!

by the subjects of *Great Britain* on the coast of *Africa* and in the *West Indies*. But though the united eloquence of a PITT, a FOX, a SHERIDAN, and a WILBERFORCE have been employed; volumes from Philanthropists have been written, and Poets* lent their assistance to fill the imagination with disgust and horror against the trade, its abolition appears not to be very nigh. Yet to the credit of the City of *Bristol* be it spoken, few of her Merchants are in the sanguinary business. *Bristol* seems resolved to wash her hands of such merchandise, and leaves it to a Town in the *North* to work out her destruction by maintaining such a commerce, contrary to the dictates of humanity, of GOD, and of Nature.

* Mr. COWPER, Mrs. HANNAH MORE, and others.

Shortly he shall the CHRISTIAN STANDARD rear!
And thousands to the BANNER shall repair!
With ev'ry needful quality endu'd,
And prompt to teach the abject multitude;
He'll lead their tribes t' adore their heav'nly KING!
And infant Negroes shall hosannas sing!

Line 817.—The Rev. Dr. CORE has made several voyages to the *West India Islands*, and has been useful to the poor Negroes in the different Plantations, for an Account of which see his Journals. Also Missionaries are sent to the *South-Sea Islands*: while Missionaries from the Baptists and the United Brethren are engaged in the glorious Business of Preaching the Gospel in the *East Indies*, and in the dreary regions towards the *North-Pole*. All accounts from these different quarters have been favourable hitherto, which I trust is a happy prelude to that glorious epoch, when the SON shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
Look my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises *are trav'ling*
On a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jub'lee, &c.
Let thy *wish'd for* morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and *splendid* conquest
Once obtain'd on *Calvary!*
Let the Gospel, &c.
Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness
Let them have the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night.
And redemption, &c.
Freely *offer'd* win the day!

May *th' enliv'ning Truth* approaching,
O'er those climes of error reign,

And the everlasting Gospel
Universal sway maintain,
Through the borders, &c,
Of the great IMMANUEL's land!

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease.
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase.
While thy sceptre, &c.
Rules th' enlighten'd world around.*

* Altered from the Countess of HUNTINGDON's Collection, Page 118.

NOTE ON THE MOTTO.

I REJOICE in being an *Englishman* or a *Briton*, I rejoice in the peculiar mercies of my country, yea, I rejoice in my native Land being shielded by PROVIDENCE from that rapine which the wasting sword has made around it; but I cannot rejoice in the destruction which the same sword carries wherever an angry DIETY permits it to be exercised. Let Homer sing of the wars of *Troy*, and poets of the first celebrity paint apparently with pleasure the soul freezing and horrid consequences of the feuds and broils of contending kingdoms, I desire to turn my eyes from such bloody scenes! from burning navies, and assaulted citadels, with their widows' groans and orphans' shrieks and lamentations; to turn my eyes from the successful admiral and the field conquering hero, as subjects that afford matter of unsocial surprise, but no pleasure, to the reign and kingdom of the pacific IMMANUEL, and to its perpetuation in states in general, my own COUNTRY in particular. Where JESUS has the sway, no garments rolled in blood, nor any of the desolations of war appear: all is salutary, nothing baneful for society: every member is the glory and credit of the sweet community. *As long as righteousness is the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the*

girdle of his reins. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah xi. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Then shall we exercise
  Th' *infernal* art no more;
While thou our long-lost paradise
  Dost with thyself restore.
Fighting and wars shall cease:
  And in thy SPIRIT *blest*,
Pure joy and everlasting peace
  Shall be our lot and rest.

Altered from C. Wesley.

FINIS.

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